Hugh Peters's
PASSING-BELL

Rung out in a

LETTER

To Him, from One that hath been an Accurate Obſerver of *Hugh Peters* and *Oliver Cromwells* Bloody Actions.

Juſtice hath leaden feet, but Iron Hands.
T. V.

LONDON,

Printed in the Firſt Year of his Majeſties Reſtauration and his Kingdoms Libertie from Tyranny and Oppreſſion. 1660.

Hugh Peters's

LETTER

A Letter to Mr. Hugh Peters *now in the* Tower.

Mr. *Peters,*

THE Engliſh proverb is now proved true, *Froſt and Fraud alwaies come to foul ends:* The Pot goe's often to the water, but at laſt com's broken home. If God ſhall in this your day give you Grace to repent, 'tis his great mercy to your Soul that you have yet ſpace to call on God for mercy, though your Body ſuffer by the hand of Juſtice. You are like to come to a better market, than you were like to do, except you leave drinking Sack and Tobacco, whereby you endeavour to ſmother, and drown your conſcience: O conſider ſeriouſly how fatall an inſtrument you have been to the late King, to the State and Miniſtry: you will finde very few men, ſince the creation of the World, ſo deeply engaged in murder, blood, deſtruction of Church and State, Parliament, Prieſt and People, as you have been. You have made the Pulpit a Players ſtage, a Drum of Treaſon and Rebellion: You have paun'd your Soul to the Divell, and ſould your ſelf, with Ahab, to do wickedly: you have been a bloody Traitor, and a ravening Wolf. You have murdred your King in a vizard, you have broken all laws againſt God and Man: you have been a ſhifter, jugler, and a notorious diſſembler: No Oath, Covenant, Law, Proteſtation could binde you: Your principles have varied more often than the Moon: you have made a bankrupt of Conſcience, and all Solemn Obligations to God and Man.

Surely, you cannot now, in this condition you are in, the Tower, but appear to your ſelf, the moſt outlawed notorious, perfidious Traitor that ever was in this Kingdom, having wholly given up your ſelf to your luſts of all ſorts, Atheiſm, Murder, Adultery, Simony, Sorcery, Gluttony, and, it is to be feared, the Sin againſt the holy Ghoſt: your ſins being like *Abſalom's* inceſtuous and noon-day rapes: your vileneſſe acted in the ſight of the Sun, and before all the World, having ſurpaſſed the cunning and cruelty of the moſt Jeſuited Heads, as much as you come ſhort of them in learning.

I leave it to all the World to judge, whether your Treaſons have not far ſurpaſſed the Gunpowder Treaſon: they but plotted ſecretly; but your helliſh Treaſon you have acted openly: you by your Sorcery and Witchcraft frighted the late glorious King from Hampton-Court to the Iſle of *Wight*; Uſher'd and came before his Coach, when he was brought Priſoner to St. *James's* from *Hurſt* Caſtle, and ſlaſhing your whip, told ſome of your fellow-Traitors, that you had at length brought the King to be whipped: and not many daies after his Head was whip't off by you, and ſuch vizzarded Divels as you are: you have been the murtherer of our Royall King, the deſtroyer of all true Religion: *Guy Fauks* was a very honeſt man compared to *Hugh Peters*: *Cataline* never conceived what you have acted: you have beſmeared Church, State, and Common-wealth, with the life-blood of our King, even the beſt of Kings, by your Murther, Treaſon, Perjury, and Regal Parricide.

And now behold God's judgments have overtaken you, you are taken in the Net of your own inventions, being made a by-word, ſcorn, and contempt of all people: You are become like *Cain*, afraid of all men: like *Judas*, curſed to poſterity: excommunicated by all good Chriſtians,

ans, as a murtherer of your Father, a King-killer; you are now in your Conſcience haunted with the Ghoſt and Blood of that glorious King you have traiterouſly butchered: and the exemplary vengeance of God is now fallen upon you: and all men ſee, and ſay, There is a juſt God in Heaven that rewardeth Traitors according to their demerits, leaving *Hugh Peters* to poſterity for the bloodieſt Traitor that ever Hiſtory recorded.

With what face of braſs couldſt thou deny thy name, when thou waſt apprehended in *Southwark*, and when thou waſt brought to the Lievtenant of the *Tower*: I am credibly informed, that thou ſaid'ſt thy name was *Thompſon*, and ſaid'ſt, *Thou wouldſt not be ſuch a Villain as Hugh Peters for a thouſand pound*: Whereupon thoſe that took thee, knowing how to anſwer ſo impudent a Traitor as thy ſelf, replied, *If thou wert not Hugh Peters, they would be hang'd for Hugh Peters; but, if thou wert Hugh Peters, thou ſhouldeſt be hanged for thy ſelf.*

At *Worceſter* fight, thou madeſt uſe of a Cart, inſtead of a Pulpit, to rail Treaſon againſt our Royall King, calling it a Sermon. Be admoniſhed from me to ſtudy a Text for thy farewell——preachment at Tiburn: and let it be all of immethodicall nonſenſe, and undigeſted railings, juſtification of thy ſelf, and vindicating of thy baudy life and converſation, that all the Spectators may ſee thou art right *Hugh Peters* to the end, without grace, common ſenſe and honeſty; and ſuch a diſſembling Traitor, Atheiſt, and Villain, as no tongue or pen can utter, nor repreſent thy wicked baſeneſſe, knavery, impudence, and Atheiſm.

You have, according to your own preachment, *brought your Hogs to a fair market*; every man expecting by the next winde to ſee you drawn on a Sledg to Tiburn, your Quarters ſet up for Crowe's-meat on the City Gates, and

thy traiterous Head ſtand Sentinel on *London*-bridge, for the fouls of the Aire to pick out thy accurſed eyes for the murther and treaſon againſt our late Lord and Sovereign King, whoſe wiſdom, piety, faith and patience, God hath crowned with a glorious Crown of immortallity, whoſe memory will be ever honored in all ſucceeding ages, as *England*'s moſt Noble Patron, and the moſt patient Martyr for her Lawes and Liberties.

Hugh Peters! Thou uſeſt in thy Pulpit to break Jeſts on thy houre-glaſs: let me tell thee a ſerious one concerning the glaſs of thy life: Thy ſands are almoſt run out: the thread of thy life in a few dayes will be cut off: how can ſuch a *Shimei*, who hath ſo traiterouſly ſlain ſuch a King, ever hope to have peace, either in this or another world, ſince divine vengeance ſuffered not any of the Murtherers of *Julius Cæſar*, who was but an Uſurper, to die any other then a violent death: neither can any of thy fellow-murtherers die in peace, but ſhall fall from one wickedneſſe to another, till eternal vengeance ſeize upon you all, for murthering the moſt royalleſt, and moſt illuſtrious Exemplar of Virtue and Pietie, that ever ſat on a Chriſtian Throne: the moſt unſpotted perſon, the juſteſt and wiſeſt Prince, the moſt charitable Chriſtian that ever wore a Crown. This was CHARLES the Firſt, the Wiſe, the Juſt. This, this was the man; this the Chriſtian King, the Saint, the Martyr, whom thou *Iudas* (*aliàs Hugh Peters*) and thy fellow-Traitors deſtroyed, and like Cannibals devoured.

Never hath any Hiſtory of humane affairs recorded any ſuch excels of riot, ſuperfluity of wickednes, flowing from the hearts of any men parallel to your: never any combination of wicked men was more filled with the quinteſſence of all wickednes, which exceeds the names of all vice and infamie; or ever more deſerved to be made a publick

curſe

curſe, and univerſal execration to all mankinde; to have their perſons cut off from the face of the earth, and buried with the burial of an Aſſe, to have their poſterity as a peſtilent progeny (as *Ravillac* in *France*) ſpewed out of the Land, their Houſes plucked down and made a Jakes, their Memories blotted out from under heaven, or, if remembred, with perpetual ſcorn, curſing, and infamy, as being men, whoſe paths lead to the chambers of death, and their ſteps to the pit of hell. To conclude, I wiſh you, whatever becomes of your body, to repent, and earneſtly to cry to God day and night, for mercie on your ſoul, that little time you are to ſtay here, and be no more.

T. V.

POSTSCRIPT.

This is preſented unto you by one that for nine hundred twenty eight dayes was kept cloſe Priſoner in the Tower, for bringing up from Oxford *to* London *1643. his late Majeſties Letter for Peace, and was robbed, ſequeſtred and plundred for doing the ſame, of eleven thouſand pounds, to his damage at this day, twenty thouſand pounds.*

Sept. 23. 1660. T. V.

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT

FINIS